

HODGKINS

Compliments of
Samuel Hodgkins
Autobiography

of

Samuel Hodgkins

Born 1839

including the

Genealogy

of his

Immediate Ancestors

December, 1923

Compiled by
CARRIE E. CHATFIELD
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE HODGKINS ANCESTRY

The following account of the ancestry of Mr. Samuel Hodgkins is given in his own words. It was written at his home in Waldorf, Minnesota, in his eighty-second year and without the aid of glasses.

Samuel Hodgkins, my ancestor, was a seafaring man of Scotch descent, a Highland Scotch sailor. At the time of his death (which occurred about 1764) he was the owner of a vessel engaged in the China trade. His custom was to load his ship with toys, trinkets, etc., sail around Cape Horn and up the California coast, and trade his cargo with the Indians for furs, sail from there to China, exchange his furs for tea, then back around the Horn to Boston, a voyage which consumed about four years.

After having made several voyages, his wife tried to persuade him to leave the sea, and stay at home with her and their two sons. On his last cruise, he had discovered a very fertile island in the Pacific Ocean that was not down on the map, and had left several of his crew to do some exploring and to determine if possible, if the island was inhabited.

At the end of that voyage, he promised his wife that after one more, he would quit the sea and stay at home.

It appears that he had made the voyage to China, had taken the men off the island, had given in his log the latitude and longitude of the island, when his ship was wrecked. The log told how long the crew had lived on two cats and a dog. Samuel Hodgkins was the last man left alive, and when found was sitting in his cabin at the table with his log-book in his hand, dead. His gold watch was still running when the wrecked vessel was discovered.

This must have been about the year 1764, as my grandfather William was eighteen years old in 1776, and he was six years old at the time that his father was lost at sea. It seems that he left his wife poor and practically penniless, and she stayed on in Boston for two years, or until my grandfather was eight years old, when she went to live with a brother in the town of Hopkinton, New Hampshire, where she stayed until her death from a broken heart, two years later, leaving my grandfather an orphan ten years old. Her name was Ann Moss.

This is the history of my early ancestors so far as I have been able to learn.

My grandfather, William Hodgkins, was born August 29, 1758, in the town of Barnstable Mass., and died in the town of Grand Isle, Vt., January 23, 1842.

His uncle, with whom his mother went to live, stood as a Minute Man, ready to turn out at a moment's notice to fight the British. He was notified that the British were advancing, and to be ready, but since he had a wife and five children, my grandfather volunteered to take his place, although he was only seventeen years old at that time and small for his age. It is said of him that he was obliged to have his heels built higher to make him tall enough to pass muster. However he was accepted and the records of the War Department show that he was mustered into the Continental Army, as a fifer in Capt. Hutchins company, First New Hampshire regiment, commanded by Col. Joseph Cilley. He is shown to have enlisted on April 5, 1777, to have served three years, and to have been discharged April 6, 1780.

William Hodgkins was at the battles of Bennington and Bunker Hill, and afterwards went with Gen. Sullivan to fight the Indians in the western part of the State of New York, for two years, where the British paid a silver dollar* for each white person's scalp, secured by the Indians. It is said that Wm. Hodgkins shot an old squaw who had fourteen scalps tied to her belt, taken from the heads of the white men, women and children, thereby helping the British that much.

He spent one winter at Morristown, N. J., and two at Valley forge, Pa. After his discharge from the Army, he joined the Navy. He always claimed to have helped to haul up the first American flag that was ever thrown to the breezes of the ocean. This I believe to be true, for in searching the records in the Minnesota Historical Society in St. Paul, I found his name as one of the crew of the Bon Homme Richard, as carpenter of that vessel. He always asserted that he never had received a discharge from the Navy. He told how the captain went ashore in foreign waters, and was spending the ship's money in riotous living, so that there would be nothing left for the men. William Hodgkins, therefore deserted the ship at Cherbourg, France, and the records show that seven others deserted at the same time. He returned to Boston and was soon after married to Ruth Brown. Her home was in Pembroke, now called Hookset, New Hampshire, and William's was in Hopkinton in the same state.

Nine children were born to them, five boys and four girls, namely;

*These were probably Mexican dollars, as they constituted a considerable part of the currency in Western New York about that time.

Samuel Hodgkins, b. Nov. 29, 1785, d. Nov. 1, 1872, unmarried.

James Hodgkins, b. Jan. 27, 1787, Chester, N. H. d. Elkader, Iowa, July 12, 1864.

Sally Hodgkins, b. Mar. 1, 1789, d. Constable, N. Y. Feb. 3, 1850. married—Cooney.

Ruth Hodgkins, b. April 9, 1791, d. April 9, 1828. married—Hobbs.

Polly Hodgkins, b. Aug. 24, 1793, in Hermon St. Lawrence Co. N. Y. died unmarried.

John B. Hodgkins, b. Oct. 5, 1797, d. Aug. 27, 1860.

William Hodgkins, b. Feb. 8, 1800, d. Jan. 11, 1871.

Carlisle Hodgkins, b. May 5, 1803, d. Feb. 19, 1879.

Lury Hodgkins, b. Nov. 8, 1805, d. April 22, 1857.

William Hodgkins, Jr. (my father) was born in South Hero, Grand Isle Co., Vt., and remained at home until he was twenty-four years old, then emigrated to the town of Oswegatchie, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., about March 17, 1824.

He married Almyra Smith, Oct. 13, 1833. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Manning Howard, pastor of the Baptist church at Ogdensburg, N. Y., at the bride's home.

Their children were:

Jane, b. March 1, 1835, married Robert Witherhead. 2 children; Carrie and William.

William Smith, (called Smith) b. May 12, 1837. Enlisted in a New York regiment during the Civil War, was wounded May 12, 1864 at Spotsylvania Court House, and died from the effects of the wounds, Oct. 13, 1864 at the Emergency Hospital, Washington, D. C. Buried in Arlington cemetery.

Samuel Hodgkins (writer of this sketch) b. June 15, 1839.

Jeanette Almyra Hodgkins, b. April 11, 1842. Married John Jamieson, 3 children; Alexander, Anna and Smith. All married back in the state of New York.

THE WRITER'S SKETCH OF HIS OWN LIFE.

I, Samuel Hodgkins, son of William Jr. and Almyra (Smith) Hodgkins, was born June 15, 1839, upon my father's farm in Oswegatchie, St. Lawrence County, New York. The farm had been purchased by my father from William Ogden in 1824, and was still in his possession at his death in 1876.

My mother died Sept. 13, 1843 leaving four small children, and my grandmother on my mother's side, came in and took charge of us children and the house, acting as my father's housekeeper and a mother to us children until the time of her death, which occurred in 1852. To this splendid Christian woman I owe what true manhood and patriotism I have ever possessed.

I worked on my father's farm, attending the district school winters, until I was twenty-one years of age. At this time the Civil War broke out and the shot the Rebels fired on Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861, and which was heard around the world, caused excitement among all classes of people in the North. Party lines were entirely obliterated. Every old fife and drum that could be found was brought into use. Every young man of military age, as well as any number of younger men, were anxious to volunteer and enlist to fight the Rebels, and do their part to help in preserving the Republic.

A company of volunteers was raised and left Ogdensburg before I knew anything about it. This company was commanded by Capt. Nevins and afterwards became Company A, 16th New York Volunteers.

My father and I always differed when it came to politics. He always voted the Democratic ticket, while my first vote, cast at the November elections 1860, was for the entire Republican ticket, and thus, of course I helped to elect Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, and at the same time alienated myself from my father's good graces.

After Fort Sumter had been fired upon, he began twitting me about having voted "that Black Abolition ticket," which he knew, and had frequently told me, would be the cause of war; he would now like to see if I had grit and nerve enough to go and fight. I had already made up my mind to show him that I had. On Monday morning, May first, I got a ride to town with a neighbor, Robert McNeil, and immediately upon arriving in Ogdensburg,

I enlisted for a period of two years, unless discharged in the meantime. Schuyler F. Judd, an old man, Colonel of Militia, had authority to make out the papers.

I joined David L. Bartlett's company of Volunteers, and was off for the war. We went by train to Plattsburg, where we arrived at night, then by steamboat to Whitehall. On that old boat we had our first introduction to army lice. There must have been some on that boat that were left over from the War of 1812 and had been a part of the old Commodore's fleet ever since, as some of them were surely branded with that date, and what is more, they had teeth according to their age. Those teeth sunk into my young flesh to an unbelievable depth, and I truly believe some of the scars are there yet. But I became accustomed to them in time, and as long as they left the bones I didn't mind.

We went immediately to Troy by train, taking our first meal the second day at the Pioneer House in Troy. Then to Albany the second afternoon, where we were quartered in an old abandoned hotel, laid on the bare floor, with nothing under or over us, and had no supper, though we were tired and hungry, having had only one meal in two days. This old hotel, the Adams House, had no doors nor windows, and the weather was raw and cold. We had no bedding nor furniture of any kind, not even a stool to sit on.

About 10 A. M. of the third day, we had our second meal. For this the citizens of Albany donated tin cups, plates, knives and forks. We were each given a slice of boiled pork and a chunk of bread. Coffee served in large horse buckets was set upon the tables where each man could help himself. Everything was free.

That afternoon, all the old cast-off quilts and blankets that could be gathered up around the city, were brought in to be used for bedding. While there we had two meals a day—bread and pork, and potatoes and bread. The potatoes were cleaned and cooked and brought from across the street in bushel baskets. They were free and we could help ourselves. One morning they brought over a basketful that did not prove to be all potatoes. They had cooked a large rat with the potatoes, which had been dumped out of the barrels into the cooking kettles, the same as for hogs.

Now we hadn't gotten down to eating rats, quite, so we kept the rat and showed it to the Governor, and to our Captain, and it helped us out some, I guess. I never learned whether the man who furnished those potatoes was ever paid for that rat. I never suffered so much for something to eat or for a

place to sleep, as I did the first seventeen days after I left home.

The war was a surprise to every one. President Lincoln had called for 75,000 volunteers to enforce the laws and collect the revenues. Governor Morton of New York had called for thirty-eight regiments of volunteers of 770 men each. Volunteers were rushing into Albany from every city and hamlet in the state. No provision of any kind having been made for them. Officials of the city were co-operating with the military authorities and doing all they could for the men as they arrived. We all understood the circumstances and realized that everything possible was being done, and we found not a word of fault, bound that "in Dixie's Land we'd take our stand, and live and die in Dixie's Land." Dixie was a new tune just out. One afternoon our company had an election of officers, and the result was as follows:

Captain,—David L. Bartlett,
First lieutenant,—Albert S. Seeley,
Second lieutenant, (or ensign)—Horatio G. Goodno.
First sergeant,—Dick Monteith (real name James Byron)
Second sergeant,—Freeman F. Huntington,
Third sergeant,—Michael Hulagan,
Fourth sergeant,—Percy Farrell.
First corporal,—Ed. Eyyette,
Second corporal,—Rolla R. Grant.
(The others I have forgotten.)

At last the long weary days and longer nights wore away. Remember, we were getting the magnificent sum of eleven dollars a month, board, clothes and doctor's bills all paid; who wouldn't be a soldier and for his Country stand, "and live and die in Dixie's Land."

At roll call, of May 17, 1861, our captain told us to be ready for mustering into the U. S. Army at 9 A. M. Every man was ready on the minute and answered to his name when called. We marched the streets of Albany to an old school building that was afterwards called "The Industrial School Barracks." There every man was sworn by the uplifted right hand, to support the Constitution, and to defend the Government of the United States against all enemies, foreign or internal, and to obey all officers who might be elected or appointed over us, for a term of two years, unless sooner discharged by the proper authorities. The regiment was numbered the 18th New York Rifles.

Our uniforms consisted of a dark blue jacket with light blue pants, dark blue cap and green chevrons. The day we were issued complete uniforms, cap, coat, pants, two shirts, two pairs of socks and two suits of underwear, and were given our first

State pay—\$3.67, we surely all felt rich, had more real money in our pockets that we could rattle, than any of us had seen for many a day; having lived practically all our lives under Democratic administrations, and money, real money that would make a noise in one's pocket was something very strange, and mighty good to have.

At the Barracks, we were fed by contract, had good things to eat which were cooked in the basement of our building, and we were waited upon by citizen waiters. We drilled sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Two men out of each company were allowed a pass each day to go to town. We were issued blankets and a good straw tick to sleep on, and every two men had a good bunk. These were built three high around the sides of the building.

We stayed here until the 18th of June, when we were given a tin plate, knife, fork and spoon, instructed how to roll our blankets and overcoats, pack our knapsacks, given a chunk of cold boiled meat and a loaf of bread and marched to the depot.

We were then loaded on an old steamboat and two barges that were fastened on either side, and told that we were off for the seat of war. Our next stop was Jersey City, where we landed the next morning.

Here we were issued Enfield muskets, purchased in England, with his own money, by John C. Fremont, of "Pathfinder" fame. They were hoisted out of the hold of the vessel and taken out of the original boxes for distribution after our arrival. They were a good gun, full bore, true and good, but they were not of uniform color.

We arrived at Philadelphia by train at about midnight the following night, and were entertained most royally by the ladies of the Quaker City. A fine supper was served to the entire regiment, a bunch of tired, hungry, appreciative men, who enjoyed it immensely. These wealthy society women performed this kind of service for every regiment passing through Philadelphia all during the war, a service greatly appreciated by men so far from home, many of them entering a large city for the first time in their life.

From Philadelphia we went by train to Baltimore, arriving there about noon on June 22d. We were surrounded by a cordon of police and marched about two miles through the city, to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot where we entrained for Washington, D. C., directly after the 6th Massachusetts. There was some delay when we reached the bridge over which we must pass on our way out of the city. We learned shortly that

this bridge had been burned a few days before, had been rebuilt, and was then being guarded by a company of soldiers equipped with cannon. We could see that some of the piles had been burned half away, and had been replaced with new ones, making the bridge safe for travel again.

Our next stop was at the Relay House, a short distance out of Washington. Here I had my first sight of slaves working in the fields, and it made a lasting impression on my mind.

As soon as it was possible to clear the single straight road leading into the Capitol, we marched into the city and slept in the depot the first night. The next day we occupied the streets, and were not allowed to take food from any citizen. At night it began to rain and we were all marched into the Capitol building, where we slept that night. One of my comrades and I slept on the Speaker's stand in the senate side. We thought while we could, we had better get as high up as possible, as we might never have as good an opportunity again.

On the next day, June 24, we were issued tents and marched back several blocks from the Capitol building, where we pitched our tents, making camp and calling it Camp Morton after the New York Governor. We were also issued our first raw rations, and were to cook our own food. Such coffee! and everything! cooked in sheet-iron kettles, used for the first time, by cooks who cooked for the first time, and eaten by men who were eating off the ground for the first time. But every one was happy and was doing his best to have a good time and make the best of everything, so all went as merry as a marriage bell. I thought of the eleven dollars a month, beds and food furnished, and all room we wanted for a tent, and who wouldn't be a soldier under such favorable conditions.

We remained at Camp Morton until July 7. On July Fourth, all the troops in Washington at that time, passed in review down Pennsylvania Avenue before President Lincoln and General Scott. The latter was over eighty years old at this time, which was his last public appearance.

The President was a fine looking man on horseback. He was mounted on a fine-looking nut-brown animal. With Gen. Scott, who rode a large gray horse, they made a splendid sight and one that was most inspiring to the men. It has never been erased from my memory.

The Eighteenth New York crossed the Potomac into Virginia July 7, 1861, landing at the Marshall House dock, where Colonel Ellsworth landed when he was killed on May twenty-fourth. (The first military duty I ever had the honor of performing for

my country was to be one of the escort for the body of Col. Ellsworth from the State House in Albany to the railroad station, when it was carried home for burial.) On the morning of July 16, we received orders to prepare for immediate departure, in light marching order, with blankets rolled and ends tied together, and four days rations cooked and in haversacks, leaving our tents standing. About four P. M. we fell in line and marched out on the old Braddock Road, about four miles to Bales' Cross-roads. There we camped for the night, spread our tents and lay down to pleasant dreams.

The command was composed of the 16th, 18th, 31st, and 32nd. New York regiments, under the command of Colonel Davies of the 16th New York.

The next morning we made coffee and "fell in" about six A. M., and were started on the march again. After the first detouring, Lieutenant Colonel C. O. Young of the 18th took command of the advance guard of skirmishers, companies A, B, G and K, having been detailed for this work. Sergeant John S. Allen and eight men from company K were detailed as a small advance guard to follow the wagon road. Our orders were to advance to Fairfax Court House.

We had not gone far before we were fired upon by Rebels from behind logs thrown across the road. Soon after that, the balance of the skirmishers were fired upon also. We kept up a running fire for about eight miles, and drove back the Rebels until we were near the village, where we met a strong force. We finally drove them back, and after the fighting was all over, the 16th relieved the eighteenth and was the first to enter Fairfax Court House. The 18th had two men killed and seven wounded. Second lieutenant of company G. and Capt. Gridley of company A were killed. The Rebels had their dinner cooked and ready, so we were able to partake of a good square meal at their expense. We learned that we had been fighting the 5th Louisiana, or the "Louisiana Tigers" armed with Springfield muskets and a long knife made from a file to skin the Yankees with, and a hatchet to knock off their horns with.

We remained in Fairfax Court House until the next day, then we marched to Centerville, and were about the last to arrive. A battle was being fought at Blackburns Ford. We stayed here until July 21, the day of the battle of Bull Run. The main army under McDowell marched off to the south, our Division, under Col. Dixon S. Miles marched about noon down to Blackburns Ford. That is, Col. Davies' Brigade did, since our Brigade had already been in a battle, they were given this opportunity, as we were all terribly afraid that the war would be over before everybody could get a chance to take part in a battle.

The 16th, 18th, 31st and 32nd were held in reserve, and covered the retreat that night. From where we stood at Blackburns Ford we could see the battle plainly, could see the different regiments advance and retreat, and it was the best view I ever had of a battle. When the break came, everything was hidden by smoke, and we could see nothing in that direction. Soon we knew the result of the battle although we saw none of the confusion. We were about four miles from Centerville and eight miles from Stone Bridge. Just at sundown the Rebels' Cavalry tried to cross at the Ford. Capt. Balingfield, with a body of Infantrymen and a couple of rounds of canister, held them and made them retreat. Our command fell back to the edge of the woods and took position behind a stone wall where we remained until about nine o'clock, when an officer came along wearing a snuff-colored coat with eagles on his shoulders. Colonel Allen called him Colonel Richardson. He ordered us back to Centerville, where the 16th, 31st and 32nd had gone. We never saw Col. Davies or General Miles. Our own Colonel Allen was the only one we saw in command after leaving Blackburns Ford.

We left Centerville about twelve o'clock at night on the day of the battle, and marched to Alexandria without a halt on the road. We saw the wreckage of all kinds of government wagons, supply trains, ammunition carts etc., more than I saw at any other time during the entire war.

We lay in camp on the banks of Hunting Creek a short time, then moved our camp over south of old Fairfax, where we remained until spring. Soon after establishing this camp, we were inspected by our new Commander-in-chief, General McClellan. By this time the 18th was destitute of clothing, not having had any issued to us since receiving our first suit in Albany, and that had not been very good. We went out on parade all cleaned up but very ragged, some were barefooted, some without pants, just drawers, some without coats and some with straw hats, etc. After we had passed the General, he called the Colonel back, and asked what regiment that was. Colonel Young answered "The 18th New York Volunteers of Albany." The General said, "You have a fine regiment of men, I see you have them well drilled and I will see that they have better clothes." Very soon after a complete new outfit for each man in the regiment was supplied. So that is the way we obtained our second suit.

Late in the fall of 1861, we had another grand review, before General McClellan and President Lincoln, out at Ball's Cross Roads about four miles from Alexandria. 86,000 men marched in that review that day, a beautiful sight and one that was witnessed by a large concourse of citizens. All the surrounding hills were covered with carriages and with men and women on

horseback and on foot. To be able to witness army maneuvers, covering fields at least eight miles square was an unusual opportunity and one that had never before been experienced in this country. The men were all dressed in their best and the officers in full dress uniform. We stood at "parade rest" until our hips seemed to be driven up into our shoulders, and marched at "shoulder arms" until our right shoulder was ready to drop out. Just thinking about it, makes mine ache now just as it did then. I made up my mind that if I lived to get out of that show, they would have to get another "elephant" if they ever wanted to start another.

Tents were finally put up and we remained in this place until spring. One whole regiment would be sent out on picket duty at one time, and stay as long as eight days without tents. These trips were real hardships on the men. But spring came at last, and the routine of camp life, picket duty, etc., came to an end.

We were organized into Brigades, Divisions and Corps. Our regiment, the 18th New York, was brigaded with the 31st, 32nd and 95th Pennsylvania regiments and made the First Brigade of the First Division of the Sixth Corps, commanded by General W. B. Franklin. Our Division first marched out and took its station about nine miles beyond Manassas Junction, the fifth of May 1862 and was ordered back to join McClellan at Yorktown. After we arrived there, we were ordered on to Alexandria. This proved to be the hardest march of my entire army life. The roads were wet and soft from frequent rains, and made walking extremely difficult, especially as we were facing a terrific storm of rain and sleet. 12,000 men finally arrived at Alexandria and were loaded on to transports and steamed down the Potomac river. We were mighty glad to get away from Alexandria and to get at something that would show that we were doing something for our Uncle Sam. We lay in Chesapeake Bay eight days, then steamed up the York river to a place called West Point, to head off the Rebels under General McGruder on his way from Yorktown. We were late in arriving, and though we fought quite a battle Gen. McGruder got by just the same. We lay there a short time, then marched to White House Landing, built docks and landed all kinds of supplies. Then the whole Army of the Potomac started for Richmond, under General McClellan (Little Napoleon) with colors flying. We took easy marches and came shortly to the Chickahominy river, where we could see the steeples of the churches in Richmond (so near and yet so far.) We lay there until the 27th of June. In the meantime, General Lee organized the Army of Northern Virginia, worked in behind General McClellan's fine, grand Army and licked it out of its boots. I never was so discouraged in all my life.

Our regiment's first hard battle was the Battle of Gaines Mill, which took place on the afternoon of June 27, 1862. We were on the south side of the Chickahominy river when the engagement began, and crossed over to the north on the grape-vine bridge about four o'clock in the afternoon and relieved the Fifth Zouaves, who were dressed in loose red pants, making an excellent target for the 'Rebels. The dead men lay thicker on this field than I ever saw bundles lay on a wheat field in Minnesota. We fought there and held the enemy back until about sundown, when our ammunition gave out. About that time, Stonewall Jackson came back from taking White House Landing, and flanked us on our right. We beat a hurried retreat to the bridge, where we met an Irish Brigade who saved our bacon for us. We went back to our old camp that night.

I had received a slight injury to one leg which was not at all serious, and I had it dressed the next morning and remained with my company. We were at Smith's Farm, but not engaged; we stayed in the old camp until about eleven P. M., when we started on the march to Savage Station, arriving there about daylight, when we had a minor engagement, but nothing of any importance, and we were slightly engaged again that day, under General Sumner at Pear Orchard. That night we marched all night, arriving at White Oak Swamp at daylight, then on about five miles still further on the Charles City Road to protect the retreat of the main line. We lay there all day, being shelled by the Rebels under Stonewall Jackson. In the night, we stole quietly away, wrapping our cannon with blankets to keep them from making any noise. It was a stifling hot night, the roads were terribly dusty, and we thought that all night march would never come to an end, but it finally did, when we arrived at Malvern Hill early the next morning, dusty, tired, hungry and terribly thirsty, having left our dead and wounded on the field of battle, entirely at the mercy of the enemy.

All that was left of the Army assembled here and gave battle to General McGruder, who headed a body of troop direct from Richmond and we prevented them from going any further in our direction. Our men were able to fairly slaughter the enemy, from our superior position, for the short time the engagement lasted.

That night in a drenching rain, we marched to Harrison's Landing, where we made camp and remained until about September first. Orders came at that time, that all who were not able to march twenty miles a day, should be sent to the hospital. I was sick with typhoid fever and was sent to the West Philadelphia Hospital. Directly after this they were ordered forward, marched to Norfolk, where they went by boat to Alexandria,

and afterwards went through what was called the Maryland Campaign, fighting the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. I joined my regiment again at Little Baltimore, Va., after some interesting and trying experiences. About 1,500 convalescents left the hospital about the first of November to rejoin our regiments. We went by train to Washington, where we were held up two days, then drew two days' rations and were entrained again for Harper's Ferry, where we were supposed to find McClellan's army, but on arriving there, found his army had been gone a week, leaving only a small force of New Yorkers to guard some cutters. I filled my haversack with Sutler's supplies while my chum filled up on "rot-gut" whiskey and we started into Virginia without guns or compass.

Our detachment consisting of about 6,000 men who were returning from sick leave, and was under the command of a captain and a lieutenant, traveled for five days seeing only two cows and a darkey in all that time. The darkey had a Government wagon and horse and didn't know any more than we did, although he had left the army three days before. However, we kept on going. One night we camped in an old Rebel camp, where the hogs had slept the night before, and got a good dose of hog lice. Several inches of snow fell during the night which added to our misery as it still kept falling all during the day following, while we were on the march. This day we covered a distance of what we were told was thirty-seven miles, and then we found we were east of Manassas and had traveled in a circle for five days on the two days' ration drawn in Washington. We lay on the ground while we slept, and could not avoid being cold, hungry and tired all the time, and it is not to be wondered at that only about 150 of the 1,500 or more, were able to rejoin their company when we finally found the army the next night. What finally became of those who fell by the wayside during this trying ordeal, I was never able to learn.

At Little Baltimore and Harrison's Landing, where our army was encamped at this time, the filth and dirt was almost unbearable, worse even than at Chickahominy, if that were possible. The water was poor and hard to get and finally the men dug wells, but even that did not give relief, as the water secured in this way, was just as bad.

I found my company the day that General McClellan was superseded by General Burnside. About four days later I saw General Burnside for the first time to know who he was. Not long afterwards we started for Fredricksburg, where we lay two weeks waiting for pontoons that were to be used in throwing a bridge across the river. When they finally arrived and the bridges were made, our Division under Franklin crossed at a

point about two miles below the city, where the greatest slaughter took place on the 13th of December. The stream was about eighty rods wide where we crossed. The 18th New York and the 95th Pennsylvania were thrown across under command of Colonel Town of the 95th Pennsylvania. As the pontoons struck the brush on the enemy side, Col. Town gave the command "get out of the boats" when instantly we received a volley at close range, but were so much lower down than the Rebels, that the bullets went over our heads and struck the men on the other side who had not yet crossed.

We spent the winter at Falmouth, across the Rappahanock from Fredricksburg, and the following spring, having served out my two years, I was discharged on May 28, 1863, and went to my home in New York, where I remained for two months. It was during this visit home, at a party given me by some of our neighbors, that I met the girl who later became my wife.

I re-enlisted in August 1863, in the 14th New York Heavy Artillery, company C. and after spending some time in Rochester, was sent to Sandy Hook, where we were encamped for the winter of 1863-1864.

Our first battle was the Battle of the Wilderness. And a vast wilderness it was. After four or five days, we either got in or out of the wilderness, I never could tell which it was. Then we took a cross country jump to Spotsylvania, where we ran up against the Johnnies hard. My brother, Smith, was wounded in the foot here, and died later in Washington, D. C., from the effects of the wound. I was away at Fredericksburg, after beef cattle, when he got hurt, and never saw him afterwards. I got back for some of the engagement, so I did not miss it all.

Our next was at North Ann River. After a short time we withdrew from there to Cold Harbor. The Fourteenth Heavy, the Second Penn. Heavy, and the Twenty-fourth Cavalry were in a provisional brigade commanded by Col. E. T. Marshall, an old Regular. I do not need to tell how all the men liked him. He was just like all the regular officers that I ever saw, a tyrant in camp and a coward in action, with no more feeling for a private than for a dog. However, there were plenty of volunteer officers that the privates had reason to respect—their manhood as well as their rank. War isn't all a matter of killing.

The provisional brigade fought the Battle of Bathester Church, a right hard one all right, and oh! how it rained! and thundered! We had a terrible fight and then moved by the left to Cold Harbor. We lay there some time, and then came that memorable charge, where ten thousand men fell in just seventeen minutes. We had to fall back and stay there some time.

The night of the twelfth of June we started for the James river about ten o'clock, and the next morning at sunrise we were at Deep Bottom, thirty-seven miles from where we started. It was so cold that night that we needed overcoats although it was the night of the fourteenth of June when we reached the James. I drew beef for the company that night and sat up and issued it out.

I was sick in the hospital at Sandy Hook with the diphtheria. I never was discharged from the hospital, but was on a pass to Fort Hamilton to see my brother, when the regiment left Sandy Hook. I met the regiment at Weco Creek, and we went on to Washington. On the march from Alexandria, I was taken with the inflammatory rheumatism from lying on the damp ground. I crawled along until we crossed the river. Then the morning that I was twenty-five years old it struck my heart. I suppose that I am one of a thousand that ever lived. I was practically dead for about four hours. However, I trusted in God, and today I am still alive, and in my eighty-second year. The next morning two of my comrades were detailed by the doctor to carry me across the pontoon bridge. They left me on the other side on a stick of timber for dead. I heard them say "that is the last he can serve and we shall bury him." But I wasn't to be buried there. I got into the ambulance with the help of a friend, and stayed with it for four days. Then I got to my regiment again and drew rations.

The army under Grant fought hard there in front of Petersburg. If Gilore and Foster had been any good at all our army would have occupied Petersburg before Lee's. It seems as though if Grant wasn't right there, everything would go wrong. Our provisional brigade was broken up here, and our regiment the Fourteenth Heavy Artillery, was attached to the first brigade of the First Division, Ninth Corps, and remained there while in the front.

We drove the Rebels back within a mile of Petersburg. They threw up breastworks and we did likewise, directly in front. We kept up a terrible fire from both sides until after the Battle of the Mine, the 30th of July, in order to conceal our men in digging the mine, which consisted of a shaft or trench running about five hundred yards under a Rebel fort, and in which we put seven and one half tons of powder. It was to explode at two P. M., but failed to go off until five. I was lying down and awake at the time, and had a good chance to see the fort go up from where I lay. It looked as though the smoke pushed it up. It all seemed to hang together until it began to descend. The ground shook where we, the first brigade with Col. Marshall in command, were stationed. The Fourteenth New York Heavy,

Col. Marshall's, was leading the brigade, and was the first regiment into the crater.

Out of about four hundred men who were in the fort, we got thirty-eight. Corporal Jack Hargetor and A. C. Fuller took them to the rear. We stayed there until about one o'clock. Then they sent in a brigade of colored troops to reinforce those who were in the hole. We never should have gone in there anyway, because we couldn't get over the bank and up the hill. If we had made the assault right, Petersburg would have been ours that day as well as the day when we finally did take it. The battle was well planned but poorly executed on account of the cowardice of Col. Marshall.

Our next general engagement was the taking of the Weldon Railroad, the nineteenth of August. There we had a hard battle which I shall describe.

The Ninth and Fifth Corps didn't join together, but left a gap. The Rebels found it, and commenced to pour through like a stream of water through a broken mill dam. The First Division of the First Brigade of the Ninth Corps was relieved, and sent to stem the tide and save the line. The Fourteenth was in front as usual, and we gave them the cold steel hard. They bolted and turned back. We immediately threw up breastworks. Night soon came on, we worked like beavers all night long, through the thunder and rain, and completed the breastworks. The trees in front were all cut down, and the branches sharpened. About sunrise the next morning the Rebels came down on us. A. P. Hill was in command with ten thousand men. We let them advance until we could see their breast and then fired, and then again. They stood about three volleys, and what was left of them turned tail and ran. I noticed a tall officer, clad in a long rubber coat, walk back deliberately after his men. Several of us could have shot him dead, but we thought him too brave a man to shoot.

After a line of battle is once established behind breastworks, and the men keep cool, and obey orders, it is madness to try to take them.

We had another battle called Pegram's Farm. We finally drove the Rebels around to Hoppe's Run, a vast wilderness. We stayed there until the first of November. Then what was left of the Ninth Corps was relieved and marched around to the right of the line to forts Stedman and Haskell, which was directly in front of Petersburg. Here we built bomb proofs, bucked up our wood, held dress parade, did picket duty and fired at the Johnnies. They exchanged compliments with us, and we lost from one to six men out of our regiment every day all winter.

We stayed there until Lee evacuated, the 25th of March. Lee tried to turn Grant's right flank. At the Battle of forts Haskell and Stedman the Fourteenth Heavy defended both; Stedman by Col. Randall. They captured Haskell. Capt. Houghton was surrounded five deep. The Johnnies sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the fort. The brave little Houghton said "This fort never surrenders as long as there is a man left alive. Go back or I will open fire on you." He had met a volunteer officer that time, not a Regular.

Col. Randall was a Regular or he never would have lost Fort Stedman. He wouldn't believe there was any danger until he heard from Headquarters. Just as if the Rebels would send word to our Headquarters that they were still planning to take the Fort. Those who escaped from Fort Stedman cut their way out. They were completely surrounded before they knew it.

The duties of the soldiers in front of Petersburg from the 17th of June, 1864, until Lee's surrender, the 2nd of April 1865, were hard indeed. We had to go on picket one night out of three, get up at three in the morning, and stand in the breastworks until daylight, with a continuous fire all the time. We lost from one to six every day out of the Regiment, the same as all the rest. After Forts Stedman and Haskell the 25th of March, 1865, there was nothing doing until the first of April.

The break in the enemy's line was further to the left, in front of the Sixth Corps. All the Ninth Corps did was to march into Petersburg, and follow Lee's army. It was up near Birk-sail's Junction when President Lincoln was assassinated. They were marching in the rear of the army. The First Division was sent back to Washington to guard the city, and stayed there until the following September. I was detached from the Company, put in a Mortar Battery, and stationed at Fort Morton next on the left of Fort Haskell. We had a lively time during the Battle of Fort Stedman. That was all the artillery practice that I ever had in battle. To see the pieces of shell lying around, and all the destruction, one would think that no one could come through such a battle alive. There were eight men at my piece, No. 1 of the Mortar Battery. I was the only one left. All the rest were either killed or wounded. I never knew what became of them. It was a terribly dark foggy night, so that when we first opened fire, we built fires to see by. They burned for about half an hour, and then we did not need them any more, because the flashing of our guns, and the bursting shells furnished plenty of light.

After Lee's surrender, the second of April, the detachment which I was in, went behind one day to turn in the Battery and

ammunition. Then we went as a guard to the Ninth Corps Ammunition Train. Following up the army, we got as far as High Bridge, when the Rebel guard surrendered.

The day Lee surrendered is one long to be remembered! Oh what a shouting! A continuous roar came down to High Bridge where we were. The Rebels were just as glad to have the war over as we were.

We lay there about a week. Then we were ordered back to Birksail's Junction and stayed there about four weeks, when orders came to go to City Point. Then we were ordered to our Company in Washington, D. C., where we were stationed at Fort Reno in the defences of the city, and acted as reserve Provost Guard for a time. We guarded the old Capitol Prison where were confined the prisoners who assassinated Lincoln.

We witnessed the Army being discharged all summer. We marched in the Grand Review, March 24, 1865, which was one of the grandest sights of a lifetime. The world never viewed such an Army before, and never will again. Those old bullet ridden flags, and we all tanned with a hundred hard marches! It cannot be described. The one year men had all been discharged; all those left had seen two or more years of war, where brother fought against brother and father against son. Each for liberty as he saw it. Not a drafted man was there; we were all Americans fighting for a cause that each considered just and right. There will never be another such a War.

The first of September 1865, the Fourteenth N. Y. Heavy's turn came. We were ordered to Rochester, New York, to be mustered out by the Secretary of War. My discharge dates the eleventh of September, 1865. I was first mustered into the U. S. service the seventeenth of May, 1861, making four years three months and twenty-six days in the service. My only brother lies buried at Arlington Cemetery, being wounded in the foot at Spotsylvania, in May of '64, and dying at the Emory Hospital in Washington on October 3, 1864.

I came back fully satisfied that I had had war enough now that there was no more American slavery. I had done full duty when I assisted in my humble way in breaking the fetters on four million slaves. We made this United States free in reality as well as in theory.

Having done my full duty as a soldier, I, as a young man, had still other duties to perform to help to build up and maintain this best Government on earth. I had saved about \$1,150 of my wages and bounty. I rented my father's farm, and was married

the 29th of December, 1865, to Miss Lucretia Ackerman of Morristown, b. St. Lawrence, County, N. Y., June 23, 1842. We lived on that farm for five years, and our two oldest children were born there. We stayed there five years until we became dissatisfied. I sold forty acres which belonged to me, and all my stock and tools, and gathering all the money I could, and all for Minnesota. My wife having a brother in Waseca County, we came there, which was a move I have never regretted.

I landed here the 7th of April, 1870, and have lived here ever since. It was all unbroken prairie then; wild geese and ducks by the million. The nearest town was sixteen miles away, without any roads or a bridge anywhere. The prairie grass was from two to seven feet tall.

The first year and a half I was here I worked every day but one and only took in two dollars. My pocket book was as flat as if an elephant had stepped on it. The Winona and St. Peter Railroad was 16 miles north to Janesville, and the Southern Minnesota was 16 miles south to Wells. I was located just about half way between. Waseca, the County Seat was about seventeen miles north-east. I bought an eighty from Dan Dodge for \$500. I could have secured the whole quarter for \$1,100 with forty acres already broken, but I did not have the money. But we worked away, and next I bought an eighty for \$1,300; then an eighty for \$1,000.25; and finally an eighty from Robert Hollingsworth for \$1,300. Now we had altogether a half section which I kept as the farm home. It made a nice one too. I always took great pride in my farm and buildings. I built two good barns, a good granary and a good house. The legal description of the property is as follows; "The South-west $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 35, and the South-east $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 34, in Township one hundred and six (106) North of Range twenty-four (24) West."

In 1902 I gave one half of the farm to Sam and Dave the two youngest boys and in 1922 the remaining 160 acres to Dave.

My wife and I were getting too old to work and look after a farm any longer, so we bought a house and lot and moved to Janesville. Our daughter Nellie, had married George Pream.

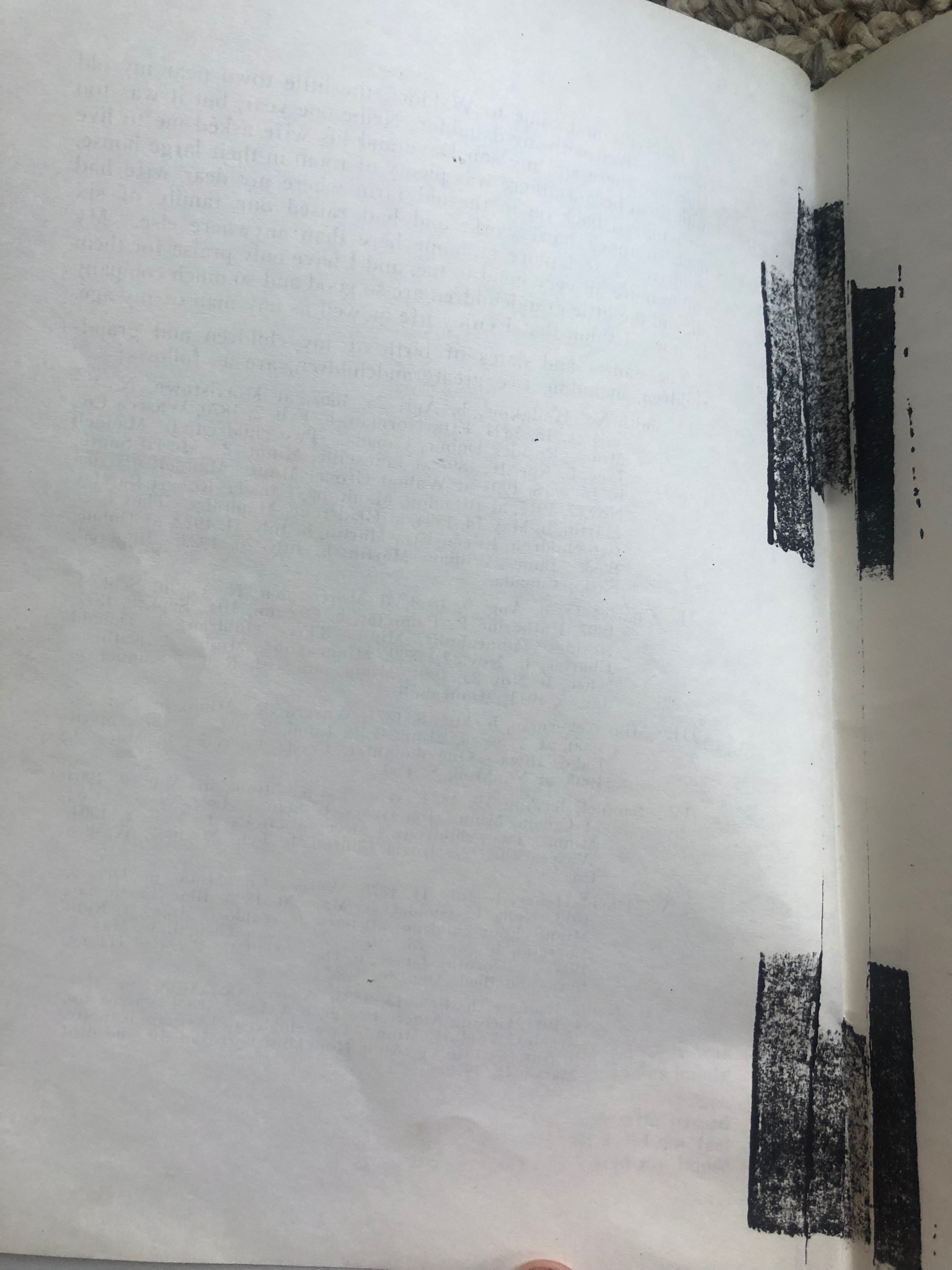
The A. B. C. Railroad, a branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, came through from Albert Lea to St. Clair, coming very near one corner of the farm, which made a handy market. The railroad was less than a mile from our door, and there was a creamery on our west quarter, so that everything was as handy as you could wish.

We lived in Janesville six years. Then my dear wife passed away. I was left without any of my family, and I did not feel that I could possibly stay there any longer, so I sold my house

in Janesville and came to Waldorf, the little town near my old farm. I lived with my daughter, Nellie one year, but it was too lonesome there and my son Dave and his wife asked me to live with them because there was plenty of room in their large house. So I moved back on to the old farm where my dear wife had done so much hard work, and had raised our family of six children. I feel more at home here than anywhere else. My children are all very good to me, and I have only praise for them all, and the little grandchildren are so good and so much company for me. I think that I enjoy life as well as any man of my age.

The names and dates of birth of my children and grandchildren, including two greatgrandchildren, are as follows:

- I. Smith W. Hodgkins, b. Apr. 26, 1867, at Morristown, N. Y.; m. Dec. 18, 1894, Etta Norman, b. Feb. 2, 1870, Waseca Co., Minn. Resides Dubuc, Canada. Two children; 1. Madgell Jane, b. Apr. 16, 1897 at Janesville, Minn. 2. Merrill Smith, b. June 18, 1903 at Walnut Grove, Minn. Madgell married Nov. 7, 1917, at Brandon, Manitoba, Canada, Robert Barclay Martin, b. May 14, 1894, at Gladstone, Manitoba. They have two children, Eileen Etta Martin, b. July 31, 1922, at Dubuc, Sask., James William Martin, b. July 20, 1923. Imperial, Sask., Canada.
- II. Charles O, b. Aug. 9, 1869, at Morristown, N. Y., m. Sept. 1, 1897, Katherine R. Palmetter, b. Oregon, Ills., Sept. 8, 1877. Resides Minneapolis, Minn. Three children; 1. Donald Charles, b. Nov. 7, 1899, Minneapolis, Minn. 2. Kathryn Alice, b. Nov 23, 1901, Minneapolis. 3. Robert Samuel, b. Jan. 5, 1914, Minneapolis.
- III. Milo Ackerman, b. Aug. 8, 1871, Waseca Co., Minn., m. Apr. 25, 1900, at Waseca, Minn., Ella Lund, b. Aug. 6, 1873, Spirit Lake, Iowa. One daughter, Cecile Lucretia, b. Mar. 25, 1905, at Yankton, S. Dak.
- IV. Samuel, b. Aug 19, 1874, Waseca Co., Minn., m. Mar. 9, 1904 at Cream, Minn. Ina Geary, b. Sept. 4, 1882, Waseca Co., Minn. Two children; 1. Evelyn Orella, b. Dec. 2, 1904, Waseca Co. 2. Morris Clinton, b. Feb. 27, 1907, Waseca Co.
- V. David Henry, b. July 11, 1876, Waseca Co., Minn., m. Dec. 3, 1913, Nelia C. Guddal, b. Mar. 20, 1890, Blue Earth Co., Minn. Four children; all born at Waldorf, Minn.; 1. Ruth Lucretia, b. May 28, 1915. 2. Sylvan Guddal, b. May 8, 1917. 3. Dorothy Grace, b. Dec. 12, 1921. 4. David Henry, born and died Aug. 10, 1923.
- VI. Nellie Jeanette, b. Feb. 13, 1883, Waseca Co., Minn., m. Mar. 1, 1911, George Albert Pream, b. Feb. 22, 1883, Waseca Co. Resides Waldorf, Minn. Two children; 1. Joyce Jeanette, b. Apr. 27, 1916. 2. Alois Hodgkins, born Jan. 10, and died March 25, 1919.



A TRIBUTE TO MRS. LUCRETIA HODGKINS, FROM HER CHILDREN.

The six children of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hodgkins, learning that their father was about (1923) to publish the foregoing account of his ancestry and his own experience in the Civil War, expressed a desire that the following appreciation of their dear mother, Lucretia Ackerman Hodgkins should be added to the data.

The five sons and one daughter of Mrs. Lucretia Ackerman Hodgkins wish the following appreciation added to the foregoing biography, that those who read may know that she had a very important part in the work of developing the three-hundred-and-twenty-acre farm, as it was when turned over to Dave in 1913, and what is more important, the raising and educating of the large family of boys and one girl, as to her and her willingness to sacrifice, economize and save in every way possible, is due the splendid measure of success which was finally accomplished.

One can well imagine the unusual amount of work that must have devolved upon our mother during these early pioneer days, with no conveniences of any kind in her first house, which was very small, (as houses were in those days) about 16x24, and a story and a half in height. The ground floor was divided into three rooms, a bedroom, a "buttery" and one large room, used for dining-room, living room, parlor, sitting-room and kitchen. The entire house was heated by one cast iron four hole cook stove, which was used for all purposes, winter and summer. The upstairs was left unfinished and in one large room, and this is where the boys and the ever with us "hired man" "held forth."

How she managed to do all the baking, including goodies, which we occasionally did have, in addition to the other cooking, dishwashing, regular family washing, (laundries were unknown) sewing knitting, patching and the hundred and one other things she did for all of us boys, in this one room, is a mystery. She knitted all the socks, mittens, neckscarfs, etc., used by the family. Not only that but she carded and spun the wool into yarn which she used for these things.

We can remember the large spinning wheel she used, and how she would walk up and down the room, turn the wheel with one hand and hold the roll of carded wool with the other while it was being spun into yarn and wound itself up on the spindle. Then too, she made our straw hats for summer wear, gathering

a certain size and kind of wheat straw during the harvest time for the purpose, preserving them and making the hats during the winter months. This was surely a slow and laborious job, using from six to eight straws at a time, braiding them into a flat braid about half an inch wide, then sewing the edges together, and fashioning it into the shape of a hat by some secret process known only to herself.

We nearly always had at least one "hired man," and during the busy season at harvest time, frequently as many as three more. Then in the threshing season there would be as many as fifteen to twenty extra for at least two meals a day. Mother's part of this big job was seldom, if ever, given a thought as to how much extra work it meant for her, further than to provide plenty of flour and other uncooked and unprepared provisions. How she ever managed to plan and prepare meals so frequently, and for so many hungry mouths, without extra help except at threshing time, has always been a source of great wonder to us. Such a thing as a vacation for mother was unheard of in those days.

Imagine if you can, one person taking care of a house, without one single convenience, with five growing healthy boys, a husband and a hired man, to do everything for, from peeling potatoes to washing their overalls. In addition, she took care of the milk, made the butter, helped with the garden, took care of the chickens and raised turkeys for the market in the fall. She also made the clothes for all of us boys from the underwear out. We never heard her make one single complaint or wish for a "hired girl."

After leaving home and getting out in the world, we realized more as time went on, that our mother had simply sacrificed all comforts to slave and work for her boys. She alone seemed to realize the danger to young, inexperienced boys, of having a woman or young girl help her with the work in such a small crowded house, where privacy in the way of sleeping or any other accommodations were out of the question.

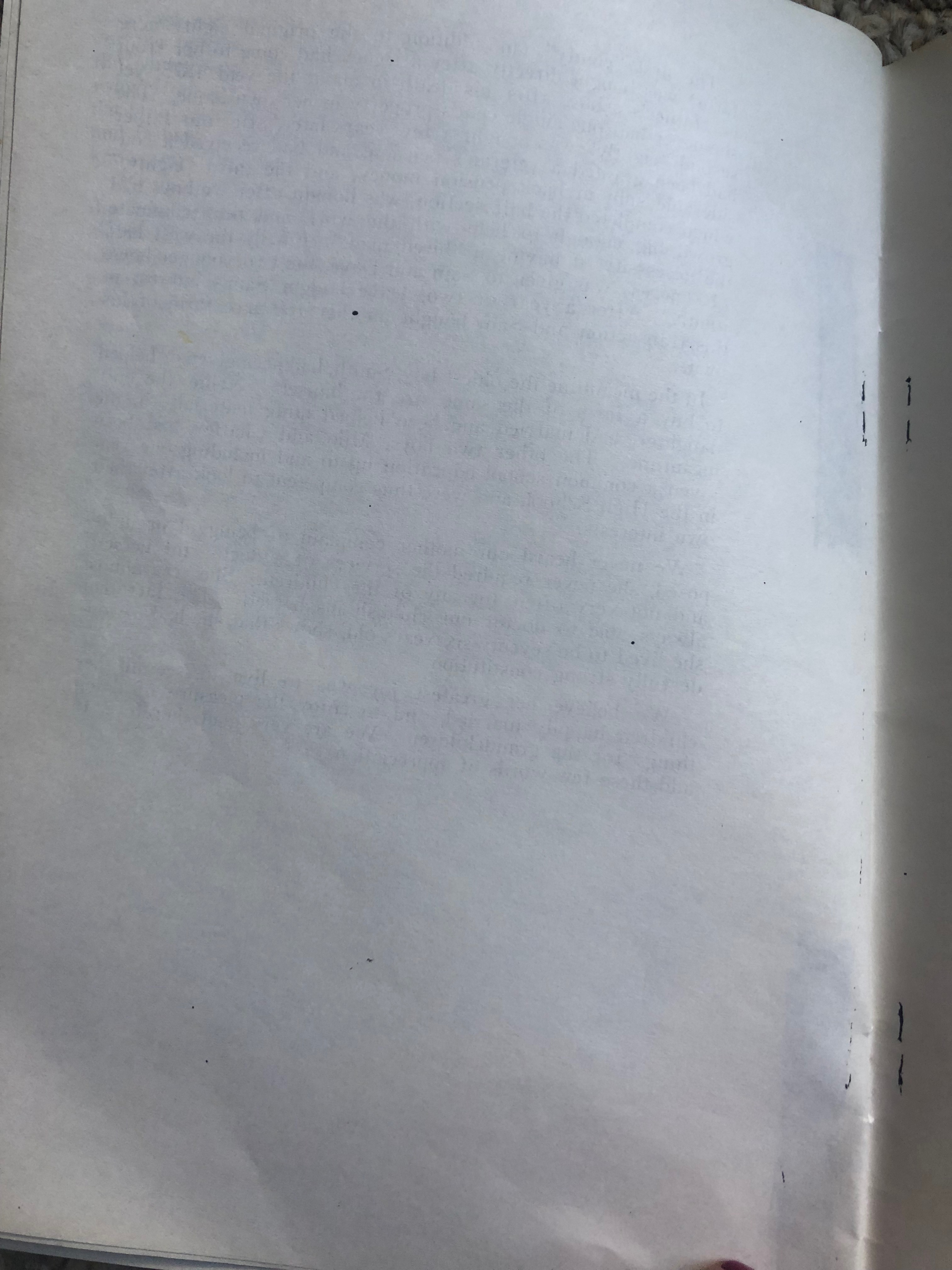
She was economical in everything she did, even in her reading, which she managed to do while eating, sewing or knitting, often reading aloud. She never thought of herself in any way, thought only of us boys and things to do for us. We know now that we never began to appreciate her efforts in our behalf. She was an inveterate reader, had a wonderful memory, kept posted on current events by reading the few papers, (including the "Toledo Blade") and fewer magazines and farm papers that came into the house. She was always delighted to talk over world happenings and important events that she had recently read, with any of the neighbors who happened to call.

The first "eighty" (in addition to the original eighty acre farm) was bought directly after a legacy had come to her from her father's estate, after his death in about the year 1875, yet she never had one single cent's property in her own name. The second "eighty" was bought a few years later, after our father had been granted a veteran's pension, and had received a considerable sum in back pension money, and the third "eighty," which completed the half section, was bought after we boys had grown big enough to help with the work and thus eliminate the necessity of having a "hired man." Finally the west half (160 acres) was given to Sam and Dave, the two younger boys, jointly. After a year or two, Dave bought Sam's interest in this transaction and Sam bought another 160 acre farm of his own.

In the meantime the oldest boy, Smith, had been given or helped to buy a farm of the same size for himself. Nellie, the only daughter, had married and been helped quite materially in the meantime. The other two boys, Milo and Charley had been given a common school education up to and including one year in the High School, and were thus competent to look after their own interests.

We never heard our mother complain of being ill or indisposed, she never required the services of a doctor for herself, and not very often for any of the children. She was almost always able to doctor our childish ills herself. The fact that she lived to be seventy-six years old, shows that she had a wonderfully strong constitution.

We believe her greatest joy was to live to see all her children happily married, and to enjoy the pleasure of doing things for the grandchildren. We are very glad therefore, to add these few words of appreciation.



APPENDIX TO THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. SAMUEL HODGKINS

Since the foregoing autobiography of Mr. Hodgkins had been prepared for the printer, the compiler has gotten into communication with Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins, of South Hero, Vermont, who is the daughter of Carlisle Hodgkins the youngest son of William Hodgkins the revolutionary soldier, and so is a cousin to Mr. Samuel Hodgkins. Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins was born in 1840.

Her father, Carlisle Hodgkins, who was born May 5, 1803, was married, March 8, 1840, in Milton, Vermont, by the Rev. Mr. Dougherty, a Congregational minister, to Anna Maria Truax, who was born in Dunham, Province of Quebec, on Dec. 10, 1820. Her parents were Jacob and Mary (Kirby) Truax. Her grandparents were Huguenots, who came to Canada from Holland.

The children of Carlisle and Anna Maria Hodgkins, eight in number were as follows:

Ruth Ann Hodgkins, b. Dec. 22, 1840.

Ellen Adelia Hodgkins, b. Oct. 28, 1841, d. June 2, 1918.

Sarah Jane Hodgkins, b. April 15, 1845, d. Nov. 28, 1847.

Wyman Coonley Hodgkins, b. July 30, 1848, living (1923) in Hollis, N. H., married Lydia Gordon Nov. 24, 1875.

Caroline Emery Hodgkins, b. Aug. 15, 1852, married, March 26, 1873, Henry W. Conro, Grand Isle, Vermont.

McKendall Hodgkins, b. May 17, 1854.

Lura Durkee Hodgkins, b. Sept. 29, 1857, married Sept. 17, 1889, Frank R. Hall, Grand Isle.

Elida Augusta Hodgkins, b. May 12, 1863, married July, 1914, Eugene M. S. Warn, Los Angeles, California.

Carlisle Hodgkins died Feb. 19, 1879, and his wife, Anna Maria died May 1, 1888. Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins was only two years old when her grandfather Wm. Hodgkins died in 1842, so of course, she has no personal remembrance of him, but being the baby of the family just before his death, she was the recipient of much attention from him, and this has been recounted to her by her parents, together with many other reminiscences concerning him and his wife, which are most interesting and bring into this narrative some close personal touches, not often obtained of the Revolutionary times. She has been told that he cut the brass buttons off his uniform, and put them on a string for her to play with, and two hours before his death he got out of bed

and began to dress to go to see her. This we can believe, as in his widow's pension papers, we learn that for some time before his death his mind was in a deranged condition, and one day took a small Bible which contained the family record, and burned it. Some time after his death his wife got another Bible and put the record into it, and it was from a copy of this, that the record of his children was obtained for this narrative.

She says that after he was first discharged from the Army, he reinlisted, and his company, which was from Hopkinton, N. H., was sent up to Lake Champlain. Their quartermaster was a traitor and stole all their rations, and they were obliged to subsist upon porridge made by sifting meal from the provender furnished for the horses, it was wormy, and made them very sick, and the only medicine that they had was butternut bark used for a cathartic. Then they had the smallpox at Chimney Point, and nineteen of the Hopkinton boys died. When he went with General Sullivan to drive the Indians from the Genesee country, they were nearly starved again. They bought corn from the Indians and he made a grater of his cartridge box and grated the corn and made cakes of it, and baked it on hot stones. The soldiers would pay him a dollar for a cake of it.

The Indians stole four of their horses, and Wm. Hodgkins was sent to bring them back. He followed their trail until they camped for the night. He could see that the horses were so tied that if one halter was cut, the horses would all be loosed. So he took his knife and cut it. The Indians shot him in the hip while he was doing it, but he got on his horse and rode back to camp and the four horses followed him. He had fought in eleven battles on sea and land and this was the only time he was wounded.

He spent one winter at Valley Forge, and when he would hear men discussing certain battles, and criticizing the manner in which they were fought, he would say that it was easy to sit by the fire and fight battles, but it was another thing to winter at Valley Forge.

He was a very broad-shouldered and strong man, and nowadays he would be called an athlete. His teeth were all double teeth, and when he died at the age of eighty four years, he had lost only one tooth, which a blacksmith had tried to pull with a turnkey, and had broken it. It was in 1795 that he brought his family to live on Lake Champlain, and as soon as he had cleared some land, he planted fruit seeds which he had brought from Montreal, and soon he had a fine apple orchard and a "plum nursery" as they called it. These were hedged in by cherry trees, and Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins says that bushels and bushels of plums and cherries have been picked from these

trees ever since she can remember. He also raised from seed two very large pear trees, and one was so exceedingly fine that they called it "Uncle Sam's Peartree." People from all over the town would come every fall to engage pears from that tree for their fall preserving. It was cut down in the '70's when Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins was not at home so that she could measure the stump, but she says it must have been more than two feet across. Canadians used to come up the lake in large bateaux to buy her grandfather's apples when she was a very small child, and she used to think it great fun to pick up the apples and receive pennies from the men for helping.

Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins remembers her grandmother very well. She was a most devout woman, read her Bible daily and led a good Christian life. She would never have her picture taken for fear that it would be breaking the second commandment. She was a notable cook and did very fine spinning and weaving, and all her daughters were brought up to excel in spinning and weaving and embroidering.

She was very much bowed down with rheumatism, and walked with a cane, and whenever she wished to come to her son Carlisle's house for a visit, he would hitch a horse to a stone-boat or a drag and drive down after her. Then he would place her rocking chair on the drag and thus she would travel to make her visit. And little Ruth Ann always sat down at her feet and rode too.

A British officer once gave the grandmother a thoroughbred English mare, and from that beginning her son Carlisle raised fine Morgan horses as long as he lived.

Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins' remembrance of the family traditions in regard to their earlier ancestry coincides mainly with that of Mr. Samuel Hodgkins, although it differs in some slight items. She says that her father told her that she was named by her grandfather, and called *Ruth* for his wife, and *Ann* for his mother, who, she says, was Ann Moss.

We know that William's wife was Ruth Brown, the daughter of William and Ruth (McDuffie) Brown of Chester, New Hampshire, but we have not been able to find any record of the marriage of Samuel Hodgkins and Ann Moss, who was supposed to live in Hopkinton, New Hampshire, where she went later to live with her brother, when her husband was lost at sea.

This Samuel Hodgkins had two sons, William the Revolutionary soldier, and Samuel, who was considerably older than William, but whose birth record has not been found.

This son Samuel enlisted early in the Revolution, was soon taken prisoner, and put on board a frigate to be taken to England,

but having been so roughly treated and so nearly starved, while on the prison ship, he jumped overboard one night and tried to swim to land and was never heard from again. Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins says that her grandfather was always most bitter towards the Tories on account of this treatment of his brother.

But now Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins makes a statement, of which, however, she says she is not positive, which at the same time makes a very valuable link to attach the family to the earlier one at Ipswich, and also complicates the matter quite a little. For she says that the Samuel who married Ann Moss was the son of another Samuel who married Lydia Galloway. This cannot be, for while the "Hammatt Papers of Ipswich" gives a record of this marriage to Lydia Galloway, it gives this Samuel as having been born in 1732, and therefore he could not be the grandfather of William who was born in 1758. But from the fact that Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins had this name of Lydia Galloway handed down in her family tradition, it shows that it belongs there somewhere, and the only solution that the compiler can offer for it, is that Samuel Hodgkins might have married twice, first Lydia Galloway, who was the mother of the son Samuel, and second Ann Moss, who was William's mother. But of course this cannot be assumed without records to substantiate it, and is only offered here as a suggestion to aid some future searcher in establishing this line.

The "Hammatt Papers" give the line of Samuel who married Lydia Galloway, directly back to one William Hodgkins who was born in England in 1622, and who married Grace, the daughter of Osman Dutch. This couple had a number of sons, and all their lines are carried down for four or five generations in the "Hammatt Papers" (pages 135 to 149) and show the family to be essentially a seafaring family, several of the men in the different generations having been lost at sea.

Mr. Samuel Hodgkins has lately obtained from Washington, a photo-static copy of the pension records of his grandfather Wm. Hodgkins for his Revolutionary service. It consists of nine pages and also includes the application of his widow for the continuance of the pension after his death in 1842.

It shows that he enlisted in September 1775 in Capt. John Hale's company, Col. John Stark's First New Hampshire regiment for one year, which he served out and six weeks longer, when he was discharged at Morristown. He reinlisted in March 1777, in Hopkinton in Capt. Hutchin's company, Col. J. L. Cilley's regiment, for three years, which he served out and was discharged at Danbury, Conn., April 5, 1780. The following is an exact copy of the photostatic copy of the discharge paper on file in the Pension Bureau in Washington, D. C.

William Hodgkins, soldier of the first New Hampshire Regiment formerly an inhabitant of Hopkinton county of Hillsboro and state of New Hampshire, having honorably and faithfully served three years in the service of the United States, being the term of his enlistment is hereby discharged from this army and is permitted to return to the State of New Hampshire.

To whom it may concern,
Camp Danbury, April 5, 1780.

J. L. Cilley, Col.

The photostat also mentions some of the battles in which he was engaged as those of Trenton, Princeton, Fort Ann, Stillwater, Saratoga, Monmouth and Newtown.

The blank requires the applicant to testify that he is in reduced circumstances, and actually in need of assistance from his country, and so William Hodgkins submits the following inventory of his possessions:

Real estate,	none
Personal estate, excepting necessary bedding and clothing,	
One adz, one broadax, rule and compass, chalkline + chisels	
and two augers.....	
Two cows.....	\$10.00
Four chairs old and worn and pair of andirons.....	30.00
One pot and one kettle and table 35 years old.....	1.50
Sett of cups and saucers and knives and forks.....	2.50
Jack knife and two hogs.....	1.00
	4.16
	\$49.16

He states—"I am by occupation a Ship Carpenter but am very much disabled by rheumatism so as to be incapable of much work," and gives the members of his family who are at home. It shows the autographs of both William and Ruth Hodgkins, and also those of his sons Samuel and Carlisle, who testify to the date of death of their father.

The following are also exact copies of the phototastic copies of the original affidavits on file in the Pension Bureau for pension granted Ruth, widow of William Hodgkins,

State of Vermont,
Grand Isle County,

On the 21st day of
October, A. D., 1843,

personally appeared before the probate court for District of Grand Isle, state of Vermont, Ruth Hodgkins of the town and county of Grand Isle, age 78 years, who being first duly sworn according to law, doth, on her oath make the following

declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the pension made by the act of Congress passed July 7, 1838, entitled "An act granting half pay and pension to certain widows," and the resolution in amendment thereof. That she is the widow of William Hodgkins late of said Grand Isle, deceased, who was a private in the Army of the Revolution and served in the New Hampshire troops under General Sullivan as she believes, but she is unable to state his service particularly. He was a pensioner under the act of Congress passed June 7, 1832 inscribed upon the rolls of the Burlington Vermont agency at the rate of eighty dollars per annum, and she refers to the document and proofs in the pension office to show the particulars of her late husbands services. She further declares that she was married to the said William Hodgkins at Chester in the State of New Hampshire, by the Rev. Mr. Colby, in the month of October, 1784, that her name previous to her marriage was Ruth Brown; that her marriage took place on Tuesday of the first week in the month of October, seventeen hundred and eighty four, but she cannot state the day of the month, that she had a record of her marriage in a small bible, but that bible and record were burnt by Mr. Hodgkins, her late husband, while in a deranged state of mind a few days previously to his death, that her husband, the aforesaid William Hodgkins, died on the twenty-third day of January, eighteen hundred and forty-two; that she was not married to him prior to his leaving the service, but the marriage took place previous to the first of January, seventeen hundred and ninety-four, viz., at the time above stated.

Signed, Ruth Hodgkins

Sworn to and subscribed on the day and year above written before me, and I certify that the declarant is a person of truth and credability, and that the words and figures "in the month of October, 1784," on the first page, were interlined before signing.

Joel Allen, Judge of Probate.

We, Carlisle T. Hodgkins and Samuel Hodgkins, both of Grand Isle of the State of Vermont, children of William Hodgkins, deceased, and of Ruth Hodgkins, who has made the foregoing declaration, testify and say that the said William Hodgkins, died on the 23rd day of January A. D., 1842. We were present when he died. We further testify that the said William Hodgkins was a pensioner of the United States at the rate of eighty dollars per annum under the act of June 7, 1832, inscribed on the Burlington, Vermont, roll.

Samuel Hodgkins
C. T. Hodgkins

Sworn to and subscribed this twenty-first day of October, 1843, before me, and I certify that the affiants are men of truth and veracity.

Joel Allen, Judge of Probate.

State of Vermont,
Caledonia County,

I, Mary Abbott, of Cabot, in the county of Caledonia State of Vermont, aged eighty-five years, do testify and say, that I am a daughter of William Brown, deceased, formerly of Chester, in the County of Rickingham and State of New Hampshire, and that Ruth Hodgkins of Grand Isle, Vermont, widow of William Hodgkins, is my sister, that in the year 1784, and previously thereto, the said Ruth and myself resided in the family of the said William Brown at said Chester and that in the month of October, in the year of seventeen hundred and eighty-four, at the house of the said William Brown, in said Chester, the said Ruth was married to the said William Hodgkins by the Rev. Zacheus Colby. I was present at the time of the marriage, but I cannot recollect the day of the month when it took place, but I am positive that it took place in the month of October, 1784, as above stated.

Witness
John Damon

X her
Mary Abbott
mark

Sworn to and subscribed this eleventh day of December, 1843, before me; and I certify that the said Mary Abbott is a person of truth and credability, and that in consequence of being blind she is unable to write her name.

John Damon, Justice of the Peace.

It would seem to be a fitting finish to these reminiscences, to give a slight record of the life of Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins, who has lived to a ripe old age, and who seems to constitute a personal link between the Revolutionary times and today, since she has spent her whole life in the locality where the Revolutionary man lived, and has been able to furnish so much record of his later life.

Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins writes: "My parents gave me the best education that they could afford, which I appreciated keenly, but at the same time had a feeling that they allowed me to go away to school when they needed my assistance at home. This made me feel under obligation to make the most of my advantages in order to help them in return, so in the fall of 1858, I

went to Plattsburg Academy and joined the teachers' class. I stayed on through the winter and in the spring of '59, I was, in my own estimation, fully qualified to teach school, so I came home and went calling on school committees. They seemed afraid to try me. Finally a man with a small school on his hands thought he would give me a chance to see what I could do. He would pay me one dollar a week and I must board around in the district. The schoolhouse was a little more than two miles from my home, and I knew the people in the district and they were good families, and so I agreed to the bargain.

The morning I went first to my school, my father said to me "don't you go to that school thinking you must teach according to your wages—you do the best work you know how to, and never mind about the wages."

My uncle John said to me "Now Ruth, you have got to board around, so above all things, don't you be a long-tongued school-maam." I have remembered that advice all my life.

I taught that school eight weeks, and then my mother was taken seriously ill, and I gave it up and went home.

Just before the time for the winter school to begin that committee man came to me and wanted me to teach through the winter, and offered me the highest wages ever paid a woman teacher in that town. The school was full of scholars and I worked hard that winter, but I never had to apply for a school in my own town again. The committee all came to me. My father and a cousin, Sophronia Smith, helped me to attend Miss Worcester's School for Young Ladies in Burlington, a year in 1861-62. I taught one year in Chateaugay, N. Y., and two years in Burlington, before it became a city, and eight years after it became one. President M. H. Buckham of the University of Vermont, sent three of his children to my school and praised my method in a County Convention, and after I had stopped teaching, I heard that Professor J. E. Goodrich, the Superintendent of Schools in Burlington and a very fine educator, said that I was as good a public school teacher as there was in the state of Vermont.

So now my ambition was gratified and satisfied, I knew that my work had been appreciated and I had been able to do some good in the world. I had taught seventeen years.

Miss Ruth Ann Hodgkins still lives in South Hero, Vt., where three generations of the family have lived so long. The gravestone of her Revolutionary grandfather is still standing in the old cemetery, but the inscription is now illegible.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS COMRADES LIVING AND DEAD*

BY

COMRADE JULIUS W. KIMBALL
of Company C, 14th New York Heavy Artillery,
AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

We come, my comrades, here to-day,
Not clad, as once, in war's array;
We come not midst the cannon's roar,
Re-echoing from shore to shore

We come not with the old war shout,
So potent once in causing rout;
We come not to rekindle strife,
That once 'twixt North and South was rife.

And if, perchance, there should to-day
One 'mongst us come who wore the gray,
A soldier's courtesy we'd extend,
And bid him welcome as a friend;

And show the pride that soldiers feel
"In foemen worthy of their steel,"
And this without our yielding aught
Of that for which so long we fought.

So now in garb of peace we dress,
And talk of failure and success;
But not of these in general way,
But of our own part in the fray;

To talk about those days of yore,
And what the Fourteenth Heavy bore.
To call to mind at what a cost
Were battles won and battles lost.

We all remember sixty-three,
And our old camp on the Genesee,
And how men flocked with us to go,
To guard our nation's forts, you know.

From every part of our broad State
They came to link with us their fate.
Some came with hearts so light and gay,
Scarce heeding what before them lay.

*This poem was written by a civil war comrade who bunked with me for two years; who shared all my camp, fighting and marching hardships, and I am for this reason desirous of preserving the verses and the sentiment expressed therein to posterity.

SAMUEL HODGKINS.

While others came from home and friend
With sad forebodings of the end;
But all were true and all were brave,
And swore our nation's flag to save.

But what an awkward squad we were!
How sergeants raved, how corporals swore;
How captains and lieutenants stormed,
When we the line like rainbow formed.

And then the duty while on guard;
Keeping o'er camp strict watch and ward.
How we recall those midnight sounds,
That proved, perchance, to be grand rounds.

Such orders strict as we'd receive:
"Allow no comrade camp to leave."
And this command we all obeyed,
And never once our trust betrayed.

For if a comrade ever tried
To cross our beat and get outside,
We never during night or day
Would turn and walk the other way;

But when on post a guard was seen,
Who still was thought a little green,
Then how the boys would scamper out,
And rove the country round about

In search of treasures rich and rare,
As apple, peach, or quince or pear,
And some whose taste did covet more
Relieved the bees of their rich store.

And when detectives prowled around
To see of honey could be found,
The bees that circled o'er a tent
Guided them well upon the scent.

And 'neath the floor, all safe and sound,
The honey lost was honey found;
And the place where lay that honey fine
Was in the tent just next to mine.

But what more then and there befell,
You can but guess, I'll never tell;
But I've been told by some I've met
That two brave boys hate honey yet.

But all things have an end, they say,
And so it happened that one day
In cool October sere and gray,
Our orders came to march away.

We left our camp with spirits high,
And from our hearts there came no sigh,
For as we left it far behind,
A better one we hoped to find.

We reached the harbor of New York,
To there prepare for soldiers' work;
And thus it was without our voice
We had the service of our choice.

There forts were found on every hand,
And heavy guns at our command.
Among those forts we found employ,
Those heavy guns were our chief joy.

And then the uniform we wore!
The like on earth ne'er seen before;
Those high black hats with feather prim,
With eagle, shield, and upturned brim;

With cannon crossed in front so true,
A number and a letter too.
But the greatest source of our delight
Were those brass scales that shone so bright.

And many parents looked intent
Upon the pictures that were sent;
And as they gazed with pride and joy,
Thought sure a gen'ral was their boy.

So passed the time as time aye will,
We doing guard, fatigue, and drill.
The work on heavy guns was light,
And with the Springfield, all was right.

So winter went, spring came once more,
And we were called from Ocean's shore
To take an active part in war,
That for so long we'd viewed afar.

We reached Virginia's soil ere long,
Two thousand and two hundred strong.
Placed in command of brave Burnside,
We marched away with steady stride.

We marched away toward Southrons' van,
Ensconced along the Rapidan;
And well we now recall the day
When pontoons helped us on our way.

'Twas on that bloody fifth of May,
That oft-remembered fatal day,
When in that wilderness of fire
Brave thousands found a funeral pyre.

At Spotsylvania next a blow
We dealt our brave and sturdy foe.
At North Ann River once again
We fought those stubborn southern men.

Then through Cold Harbor's awful fight
We battled fiercely for the right;
Though flanked and beaten, cared we naught;
Though unsupported, still we fought,

And not one inch of ground did yield
Till darkness settled o'er the field;
Then backward fell with ranks thin-made,
And joined once more our own brigade.

At Petersburg we stormed the height,
And took the works at bayonet's point.
Then in that fearful siege we lay
Until that fatal July day,

When we upon that crater dread
A brilliant charge so vainly led.
But though the charge we led was vain,
Upon the Fourteenth came no stain.

A rebel flag was captured here,
And that to us brought much good cheer;
But he who took it! How fared he?
Brave Sergeant Hill of Company C.

Alas poor Jim! He could not yield,
And fell shot dead upon the field;
And so we lost as brave a one
As ever carried sword or gun.

Soon after this, at old Fort Hell,
We lay exposed to shot and shell;
Then in the Weldon Railroad fight,
We saved brave General Warren's right.

Then near that church called Poplar Grove,
The enemy again we drove.
Then came the fight at Pegram farm,
In which we suffered little harm.

Boydton plank-road next on our list;
Then Hatcher's Run, fought in the mist.
Fort Haskell and Fort Steadman strong,
Were occupied by us ere long.

And here it seemed one constant fight,
Day after day, night after night.
But we our burden patient bore
Midst rifle's crack and cannon's roar.

But winter quickly passed away,
And brought to us that bright March day
When Lee broke through on left and right
Of Steadman's Fort before 'twas light.

And now hemmed in on every side,
In vain we fought to stem the tide;
And seeing that we'd lost the day,
To Haskell Fort we made our way.

Here Captain Houghton held command,
And beat them off on every hand
Until, shot down by bursting shell,
He in the arms of comrades fell.

Aye, Captain Houghton, brave and true
As any who e'er wore the blue.
Fort Haskell's hero him we name,
And richly he deserves that fame.

The enemy here was put to rout.
Then double quick we sallied out,
And sweeping down the line again,
We took old Steadman back again.

But now the end was coming fast.
Our hard campaigning all was past;
And on that early April day,
Surrendered, Lee's brave army lay.

'Twas vict'ry, but at what a cost!
What had the Fourteenth Heavy lost?
Brave Major Hedges, true and tried
As any who in battle died.

Captain Kieffer, so stern and leal,
And Underhill as true as steel;
Lieutenant Hartley at the mine,
And Gossin shot on the picket line.

And some as true and some as brave,
In hospital their lives they gave.
While wasted some in filthy slime
In prison pens in Southern clime.

But time would fail were I to tell
Of every one who fought and fell;
Of every one who gave his life
On cotted bed or field of strife.

We honor all; and will revere
The mem'ry of our dead, so dear.
But all who fought like soldiers true
Fell not beneath our flag of blue.

But death stops not when battles cease.
His work goes on in time of peace;
And since the war his call has come
To many who with us marched home.

Many unhurt on battlefield,
Diseased, came home their lives to yield.
Others, grown weary of life's toil,
Are sleeping silent 'neath the soil.

We used to have brave Cleary here,
Whose voice the line was wont to cheer.
We hear him yet above the din,
"Keep up a steady fire, my men."

But he has passed beyond our sight.
His sturdy form and eye so bright
We ne'er shall see on earth again—
A true comrade among true men.

Not long ago our Doctor's face
Our festive board would sometimes grace.
He too has left this earthly life,
With all its earnest, noble strife.

We all remember him with pride,
Although his quinine we'd deride;
But we know now as we knew then,
That in his heart he loved the men.

Another comrade true and straight
As any from our Empire State.
A toast to him; full cups we'll quaff
In sweetest memory of De Graff.

Our vet'ran Colonel, Marshall brave,
Though called to fill the silent grave,
Is living in our mem'ry still
In all his pride and strength of will.

And yet another in life's bloom
Was called to fill the silent tomb.
No more appears to mortal sight
Our gallant Major Reynolds bright.

To Captain Brennan death has come,
And called him to his last long home.
And L. I. Jones with many more
Have reached that rest just on before.

And Major Jones, our Welshman bold,
Whose heart was pure as purest gold,
He whom we all were wont to love,
Has gone from earth to realms above.

Our little adjutant so fair,
With bright blue eyes and auburn hair,
A manlier man we seldom find
Than was Van Brakle, sweet and kind.

And to us comrades, one by one,
As time shall pass, grim Death will come;
Our ranks grow less from year to year,
And fewer comrades gather here.

And in my fancy comes a day
When just one comrade, old and gray,
Of all the Fourteenth Heavy's host
Shall come to drink our usual toast.

But when we're called to cross the line,
May each then have the countersign.
And each in uniform of white
Aye rest in God's eternal light.

But Colonel Randall's still alive,
And in the army seems to thrive.
He's reached the goal he most desired,
A full-fledged General, now retired.

And here's one more, though foreign born,
For our old flag he stood the storm,
And never flinched from any cause—
Brave, true-hearted Captain Faass.

And many more are still alive,
Who all the wrack of war survive,
Who never turned their backs through fear,
And well deserve a tribute here.

And now to those who come each year,
What shall I say to bring good cheer?
Good Captain Helms; we seldom find
So brave a man, withal so kind.

We love him, aye, we love him well;
And when he speaks, he's sure to tell
Of that in peace or that in strife
That leads us to a better life.

There's Charlie Shaw and Danforth, too,
Good faithful chaps, and always true.
You'll all agree they're splendid boys,
And always multiply our joys.

Sergeant Cummings of our great West,
Among our biggest and our best,
Except perchance old Sweeney dear,
Who lives in Kansas without fear
Of border ruffians on his way,
As was the case in John Brown's day.

Comrade Almy is sometimes here—
A farmer and an auctioneer;
A janitor and roofer too,
And lays a sidewalk straight and true.
Can sing a song or story tell,
And all these things he does right well.
We love this great big-hearted boy;
To have him with us brings us joy.

Will Clowminzer, true all the time,
And Hepworth, but their names won't rhyme.
But though their names do bother some,
To greet us here they're sure to come,
With records kept in plainest way,
And bank account always O. K.

So all are pleased when from the plain
Of Little Big Horn's broad domain
Our Hyatt gives them polished horn,
By buffalo once proudly worn.

* * * * *

Thus did I write of Comrade Will
Some months before his heart stood still,
And he was called from earth away
Upon our gladsome Christmas Day.

But as I stood beside his bier,
And dropped o'er him a comrade's tear,
I felt that far beyond the sky
I'd meet him in the by and by.

Perhaps my swan song now I sing.
If it be so, I can but bring
My sweetest thoughts to comrades brave,
Then patient wait the silent grave.

And I care not if soon or late
I'm called to meet man's final fate.
My trust is in our Christ the Lord.
I lean upon His sacred word.

* * * * *

In time to come someone will say,
"Who wrote those lines I read to-day
In gran'ther's scrapbook old?
He seemed to think his regiment
Were all the men that e'er were sent
To break Secession's hold."

"The old Fourteenth he writes about
Did well its part, and without doubt
Struck many a sturdy blow;
But I have learned that in that strife
Two million men each staked his life
To crush that Southern foe."

"Well, child," I heard grandfather say
(He knew him well, and in his day
He loved much to recite.
And when in field or in the camp
The "Dandy Fifth" or Soldier Tramp"
Would bring them great delight.)

"I fear you do not understand.
He simply wrote of his command,
Of his own comrades brave;
Of what they did with thousands more
To help our Union to restore,
Also to free the slave."

"Ah, yes! I see, my mother dear,
He wrote his comrades' hearts to cheer
In those brave days of yore.
But now they're gone, they've passed away;
Not one on earth is left to-day,
They're on the golden shore."

"But which Gran'ther once used to tell
About this man he loved so well
In peace and in the fight?"
"Why, son, I thought that once I told
The story of my Gran'ther bold.
They called him Billy White."

"He lived near an old battlefield*
Where men once fought, but would not yield
To England's savage crew.
In that old war stern patriots fought,
And thus their freedom dearly bought,
For they were brave and true."

"Oh, mother dear! Why was it I
Could not have lived to do or die
For our old flag of blue?
It makes me wish that there might be
Another war on land and sea.
I know that I'd be true."

"Hush now, my son, go to your sleep;
For these old heroes do not weep,
They're in eternal rest.
But if the need shall e'er arise,
And for your help your country cries,
Then go and do your best."

*ORISKANY

